Moore-ditch?

Falſ. Thou haſt the moſt unſavory ſmiles, and art indeede the moſt comparative raſcalleſt ſweet yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the counſell rated me the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir; but I mark't him not, and yet he talkt very wiſely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely, in the ſtreete too.

Prin. Thou didſt well: for wiſedome cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable Iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou haſt done much harme unto me, *Hall* God forgive thee for it: Before I knew thee, *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeake truely, little better then one of the wicked: I muſt give over this life; and I wil give it over: By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: i'le be damned for never a Kings ſon in Chriſtendome.

Prin. Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow, *Iacke*?

Fal. Zounds, where thou wilt, Lad, i'le make one: and I doe not, call me villaine, and baffell me.

Prin. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to Purſe-taking.

Falſ. Why, *Hall*; 'tis my vocation, *Hall*: 'tis no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Poynes.*

Poy. Now ſhall we know if Gads-hill have ſet a match: O, if a man were to be ſaved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the moſt omnipotent Villaine that ever cry'd, Stand to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow *Ned*.

Poy. Good morrow ſweete *Hall*. What ſayes *Mounſieur* Remorſe? What ſayes ſir *Iohn Sacke* and *Sugar*, *Iacke*? How agrees the Divell and thee about thy ſoule, that thou ſoldeſt him on good Friday laſt, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons Legge?

Prin. Sir *Iohn* ſtands to his word, the Divell ſhall have his bargaine, for he was never a breaker of Proverbs: he will give the Divell his due.

Poy.

Poines. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devill.

Prince. Elſe he had been damn'd for cozening the devill.

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clock early at *Gads-hill*, there are pilgrimes going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and Traders riding to *London* with fatpurſes. I have vizards for you all; you have horſes for your ſelves: *Gads-hill* lies to night in *Rocheſter*, I have beſpoke ſupper to morrow night in *Eaſtcheap*; we may do it as ſecure as ſleep: if you will go, I will ſtuffe your purſes full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Falſ. Hear ye, Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will, chops?

Falſ. *Hall*, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I by my faith.

Fal. Ther's neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee; nor thou cameſt not of the blood-royall, if thou dareſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prin. Well, then once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Falſ. Why; thats well ſaid.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Falſ. By the Lord Ile be a traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poin. Sir *Iohn*, I prethee leave the Prince and me alone, I wil lay him down ſuch reaſons for this adventure, that he ſhall go

Falſ. Wel, God give thee the ſpirit of perſwaſion, & him the eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakſt may move, and what he hears may be beleeved, that the Prince, may (for recreation ſake) prove a falſ thief; for the poor abuſes of the time want countenance: farewell, you ſhall finde me in *Eaſtcheap*.

Pri. Farewell the latter ſpring, farewel Alhallown ſummer.

Poy. Now my good ſweet hony Lord, ride with us to morrow. I have a jeſt to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. *Falſtaffe*, *Harvey*, *Roſſil*, and *Gads-hill*, ſhall rob thoſe men that we have already way-laid; your ſelf and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.